

What a Man Did

By WILL T. AMES

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This is a story out of life—out of the life that is lived; that has its tragedy as well as its sunshine; that comes to the happy ending or to the sorrowful one as the case may be, and not as the narrator wills. If it is not just the kind of story you would wish it to be search through annals, analyze personal influences and place the blame where it belongs. Do not blame me.

June Phillips was the daughter of her mother, and she of her mother; and the mother's mother the daughter of still another like mother. And down that line of motherhood had run a streak of lightness, and no strain of anger willingness.

Easy, smiling, gay was June, beautiful with the beauty of great tawny eyes, dark lashes and hair with the glint of mellow sunlight in it. She was soft and warm and pouting. Endowed at once with the lavish lure of womanhood and with the pink and creamy freshness of her scant seventeen years, she drew John Halliday half mad.

John was twenty-three and might have been ten years more than that, by the settled, strong way of him. Instead of school he had chosen to take his education from an architect, after sixteen. Already he was a finished draughtsman and on his way to a place in his profession, under Holly, his watchful employer.

To June fluttering breathlessly on the margin of a never-ending millennium of grown-up "good times," the attentions of the responsible, well-groomed young architect combined the virtues of a continual social triumph with limitless opportunity; for John delighted to take the girl about a year of this and then, because John was insistent and the girl was the daughter of that particular race of mothers and possessed keen instinct for the easy road to easy circumstances, they were married.

Two years later John Halliday, knew, in the lottery that is marriage, what sort of prize he had drawn. What depth of stormy petulance hid beneath the winsome pouting, he could have told; but did not.

What greed for admiration, what impish thirst to dabble in the shadows along the shores of the sea of passion, what eternal restlessness and hunger for excitement lay behind the tawny eyes had been revealed to him in long months of disillusionment. But he was strong, and as patient as he was strong, and he bore with many things.

Then, coming home after a two weeks' business trip, he found her gone. She had left, the maid said, the day after his departure, only instructing the girl to remain and keep the house going till Mr. Halliday's return.

John maintained the home until his lease expired, then sold the effects to a new tenant and went to live at a hotel. There were no babies. "God, I thank you," said John, "for that." When John Halliday was thirty-three his professional opportunity came. It took him to a great city and to a profitable partnership. Still young, enjoying reputation and established position, his earnings well in excess of his needs, life held much of promise for him.

Then it was that, walking home for exercise through a sparkling avenue in the orange sunshine of a late October afternoon, he met her—squarely face to face.

A single glance was sufficient to verify the conclusion John Halliday long ago had arrived at concerning his wife. Everything about her—in the character of her clothes, in the manner of her carriage, in the degree in which she had insulted with pigment the God-given splendor of her eyes and skin, in her carriage, in the way she held her head—was the mark of the woman who has traded herself for the thing she calls "life," and who is satisfied with the transaction and has no regrets.

She was quite unabashed. "Hello, John," she remarked, easily and with her ever ready smile. "Have you come to life enough to visit the city? You're looking so prosperous!"

"So, if I may say so," replied John, "I am."

"Oh, I'm having a perfectly lovely time. There's no place like the big town, you know. You'll like it if you ever come here to live."

"I live here now."

"Really? Well, you might come and see me some time—if you'll telephone ahead. The name is Spencer—Miss Spencer; Selkirk apartments Fifty-first street. Now I must run along—Good-by!"

With that she was gone; and John Halliday, unshaken, master of his own nerves, proceeded on his way. Unconvincing? Improbable? I think so myself. But, remember, I told you this was a story from real life.

It was a full week after this that John was walking home again, had almost reached his own street, when there was a commotion of fire apparatus and a crowd running toward where the whole front of an apartment house on the cross street was belching smoke and curious black-red flame.

John followed the crowd. A swirl of wind blew the smoke away from

the main entrance and John saw the name "Selkirk." Something leaped up into his throat. Then at a vain dash only a few floors up, John caught a glimpse of a face of the girl to whom, ten years ago, he had given all that a strong man can give—the whole of his heart.

There wereadders, of course, many of them, but there were many, many windows; the firemen were doing yeoman service, battling frantically and skillfully to save life—but there were so very many lives to save. There were ropes and a cordon of police.

Through these John Halliday tore and beat his way; into the burning building he struggled, leaving his coat in the hands of a detaining fireman. Past the useless, motionless elevators, through the blinding, stifling black smoke to the slippery stone stairs; up and up and up and up, gasping, tearing short intakes of air out of the solid smoke with whistling lungs; guessing with an architect's shrewd guess at the right door and hurling himself against it until it ripped from the hinges, John Halliday staggered across the room to where a film of belated daylight, shining wanly through the smudge, showed the window to be.

She was there; choking, gasping, her tawny eyes filled with such horror as only the eyes of such a she can know, the pigments making ghastly caricature of her white face.

It was a bad building, built in the bad days of jerry construction, its vaulted fireproofing a grisly joke. It was going under them. The floor of the room was burning through. In a matter of seconds the end would come.

"June! June, dear! It is I, John. I have come to be with you June, at the end. You won't have to face it, girl, alone!"

And as he took her in his arms there was a great, awful rending sound—clouds of burning brands rushed roaring out of the white holes where the windows had been, and out in the street the heartick multitude sobbed in the presence of a holocaust.

How could any one know what impulse took John Halliday to his wife's side there in the valley of the shadow? Again I must answer. This is a story of life. And I knew the man.

CLIPPED LOCKS CALLED FOR

Present Day Emphatically No Time for Anything Approaching Effeminacy in the Male.

A British brigadier general and former Etolian was recently invited to visit his old school and inspect the officers' training camp that institution maintains. The officer was delighted with the bearing of the 600 and more young officers of the future and praised them till their necks grew pink with suppressed pride, but—in concluding his remarks the general spoiled it all by the direct criticism—"Their hair was too long!"

It was wrong, he said, for a Briton to allow his hair to grow so long that he could not see to fight. General Corker—that was his name—then went into detail and said he had seen a number of the college boxers in sets the previous evening and many of them appeared in the ring with long locks neatly plastered back from noble brows. After the first round, however, the spectacle was different, since the boys looked out as well as possible through a smoke barrage of dank, stringy locks that cut off their own view but did not in the least hinder the enemy's attack. "Cut 'em short, boys!" was his injunction.

Regardless of peace assurances from the League of Nations, Britain is determined not to sink back into military unpreparedness; and if the general's criticism may be taken in a wider sense the entire island must keep its locks close trimmed and not again be blinded by vanity and self-satisfaction to what is going on in neighboring countries.

Long hair may be esthetic and may prove attractive to the opposite sex through contrast, since the ladies themselves are going in for short hair and self-determination, but the time for luxury and long male locks has not yet come, even if there has been a momentary let-down of unseemly morale following the cessation of actual hostilities.

We have seen as yet no symptoms of longhairedness among our own American youth, and trust we may not do so, especially since, although it is definitely over there, it is by no means done on this side of the Atlantic. The readjustment, unless all signs fail, is going to require quite as clear and close-cropped polls as did the conquest of the Hun.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that longhairedness is emblematic of anarchy and bolshevism and of those visionaries who out of their fringed locks see society as through a glass, darkly. Therefore it is doubly necessary for our young manhood to give its eyesight free play, safe upon the one side from the sleek tresses of the effete and upon the other from the matted mane of the murder lovers.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Oyster Shell Roads.

Two great oyster reefs in the Gulf of Mexico, one at Sabine, Tex., the other at the mouth of the Atchafalaya river on Point au Fer, La., are to be used for surfacing road roads. The reefs are valued at \$35,000,000. A Galveston man has been awarded a contract to remove 1,000,000 cubic feet of shells from the Point au Fer reef for use on the roads in that section of Louisiana.

A LINGERING COUGH

a tender throat, frequent colds, impoverished blood, loss of weight or lack of energy, are all ear-marks denoting lowered resistance. The system needs

SCOTT'S EMULSION

three or four times a day to help restore the resistive powers of the body. Coughs, colds and the like do not linger long when Scott's Emulsion is taken consistently and regularly. Better try it!

The exclusive grade of cod-liver oil used in Scott's Emulsion is the famous S. & B. Process, made in Norway and refined in our own American Laboratories. It is a guarantee of purity and palatability unsurpassed.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

19-24

BLAINE

The old year is gone and the new one is here and the oil fields and the railroad are the two great topics discussed now. The people are expecting to see the train in our town before the end of the year.

J. L. Stewart has returned to this place after spending the holidays in Charleston, W. Va.

Miss Blanche Osborn and brother Paul, Herman Berry and Carl Gambill have returned to Berea and Misses Hazel and Ruth Osborn to Ashland. They are all attending school. They are bright young people and greatly missed in our town.

Misses Julia Kouns and Ella Jay Hewlett left Sunday for Louisa where they will enter school.

Herbert Hewlett has been spending the past week with his parents, J. L. Hewlett and wife.

C. T. Osborn was a business visitor in Louisa last week.

John Osborn was calling on home folks one night last week. X Y Z.

WILLARD

Several of the boys were out skating Sunday afternoon.

Miss Ruby Pennington and Miss Lottie Stone spent Christmas with the McDavid girls.

Golda and Shelby Fraley will start Monday to Berea College.

Mrs. U. G. Pennington, who has been confined to her bed, is able to be out.

Mamie Wilburn was shopping at Grayson Saturday.

Lottie Stone was calling on Miss Golda Fraley recently.

Miss Irma Artice will start to Grayson Normal school Monday.

Miss Nannie Wilburn and Miss Ruby Pennington will start to school the first of February.

Miss Jewel Jenkins has returned home. She has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Sallie Foster at Kenova, W. Va.

Miss Flores Fleming has returned home after spending the holidays with her uncle at Ashland.

Lowell Flaughner is home on furlough.

U. G. Pennington is expected home soon.

Russell Pennington will start to school again Monday. He has been sick for some time. A FRIEND.

WALBRIDGE

Miss Belva Wellman is visiting relatives at Ward, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Stansbury were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Welkie Peters.

Rev. Joe Cleveland and A. H. Miller held church services here Sunday morning and evening. The series of meetings is postponed until a later date. Rev. Miller left an appointment for January 25th.

Ottis Ferrell visited friends at Chafford last week.

Miss Briza Peters entered school at Louisa Monday.

Mrs. Margaret S. Stump spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam See, returning to Jenkins Tuesday.

Two foxes, one grey and one red, were recently killed in this community.

That Morning Lameness

If you are lame every morning, and suffer urinary ills, there must be a cause. Often it's weak kidneys. To strengthen the weakened kidneys and avert more serious troubles, use Doan's Kidney Pills. You can rely on Louisa testimony.

Osborn G. Smith, ex-city marshal, Franklin St. Louisa, says: "When my back first began hurting me, I didn't know it was kidney trouble; I thought it was due to over-work but it kept on aching and paining until I felt so tired and miserable, I knew it couldn't be anything but my kidneys. I am on my feet constantly and subject to bad weather and this aggravated the complaint. Sometimes my back was so sore and stiff, I could hardly stoop and at night, it pained me so much, I couldn't rest. Morning I was so lame, I could hardly get around. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Louisa Drug Co.'s store cured me. My back has been strong since and hasn't bothered me."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Smith had. Foster-Milburn Co. Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

GALLUP

School closed at this place Tuesday. Misses Bertha Prose and Eliza Jane Hardin teachers.

Mrs. W. A. Carey is quite sick, being threatened with pneumonia, at Louisa.

Misses Pauline and Irene McClure and Eliza Jane Hardin and Harvey Hardin and Paul Fugitt were in Louisa Saturday.

Mrs. A. T. Shannon spent the day Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Shannon.

Friends of Sherman Baugh were sorry to hear of his unexpected death.

Mrs. J. H. McClure is suffering from an attack of neuritis.

Miss Derica McClure returned Monday to Charleston, W. Va., where she is taking a business course.

Mrs. Bascom Muncy of Louisa, is visiting relatives here this week.

Luther Shivel, Harvey Hardin and Carl Parker left Monday for Hellier to seek employment.

Harper Dobbins left Tuesday for Mossy Bottom where he has a position.

Miss Clara Preston, of Georges Creek is visiting friends here this week.

Miss Virginia Dills, of Paintsville, is visiting relatives here.

Miss Hazel Ball is contemplating a trip to Portsmouth soon.

A crowd of young folks were out sleigh riding Sunday.

Miss Gertrude Dobbins is contemplating a trip to Boldman.

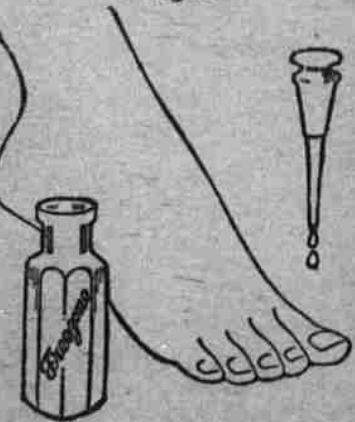
Misses Doshia Roberts, of Cadmus, and Mary Emily Carey, of Louisa, have returned home. They have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Carey.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Hardin have moved to Richardson.

PANNIES AND HELIOTROPE.

LIFT OFF CORNS!

Apply few drops then lift sore, touchy corns off with fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Frezzone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. Yes, magic! A tiny bottle of Frezzone costs but a few cents at any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses without soreness or irritation. Frezzone is the sensational discovery of a Cincinnati genius. It is wonderful.

"THERE'S A REASON"

Quality Service

DRY CLEANING
DYEING
ALTERING

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PARCEL POST
WE PAY RETURN CHARGES

MOST MODERN AND SANITARY
DRY CLEANING PLANT IN STATE

DENNIS

Several of the boys and girls attended the last day of school at the Green Valley and report a fine time.

Bill Presley was at Fred Thompson's Sunday.

Naaman R. Baird was the guest of John Frasier Sunday.

Crawford Brainerd and Lawrence Prichard were calling on Cassie and Grace Thompson Sunday.

Balton Thompson was to Little Oak last Sunday.

Virgie Hutchinson was visiting Luther Gallon last week.

Theodore Chadwick was at M. V. Thompson's Sunday.

Ruby Brainerd was visiting the school at Oliveville last Monday.

School at Oliveville will be out Friday, Jan. 9th.

Mathew Kitchen was calling at Roland Hutchinson's Sunday.

Doors For Sale

PINE DOORS, 5 CROSS PANELS 1 1/4 IN. THICK

QUANTITY	SIZE	PRICE EACH
2	2-6 x 6-10	\$ 5.38
12	2-8 x 7-10	5.77
7	2-6 x 7-0	5.54
8	2-6 x 7-6	5.75
7	2-8 x 6-8	5.38
5	2-10 x 7-0	6.05
1	2-8 x 6-10	5.50
4	2-10 x 6-10	5.95
4	2-8 x 7-0	5.77

SAME AS ABOVE EXCEPT 1 1/2 INCHES THICK

1	2-8 x 7-2	4.18
20	2-8 x 7-6	4.50
3	2-10 x 6-10	4.40
8	2-6 x 6-8	3.80
14	2-8 x 7-4	4.50
9	2-6 x 6-10	4.00
8	2-8 x 6-10	4.18
7	2-6 x 7-6	4.10
15	2-2 x 6-8	3.30
2	2-6 x 7-0	4.10
5	2-2 x 7-0	4.00
6	2-2 x 6-10	3.65
3	2-6 x 7-10	4.10
3	2-2 x 7-2	4.40
2	2-10 x 6-8	damaged 4.50
1	2-8 x 7-0	4.69
1	2-10 x 7-2	4.18
6	2-10 x 6-10	4.37
3	2-10 x 6-10	4.59
23	2-4 x 7-0	3.78
3	2-4 x 6-10	1.84
2	2-2 x 6-10	6.21
19	2-10 x 7-0	4.05
1	3-0 x 7-0	3.76
1	2-6 x 7-0	5.59
1	2-6 x 6-8	3.80
3	2-6 x 6-10	3.90
1	2-8 x 6-8	4.00
2	2-8 x 6-10	3.50
1	2-10 x 6-10 1 1/2 inches thick	

OAK, 1 1/2 INCHES THICK

1	2-6 x 6-10	7.28
1	2-6 x 7-0	7.82
2	2-6 x 6-8	7.59
10	2-2 x 6-8	7.01
2	2-2 x 7-0	7.50
8	2-0 x 7-0	6.87
5	2-0 x 7-6	7.00
10	2-2 x 6-6	6.57
8	2-4 x 6-8	7.00
5	2-10 x 6-10	6.36
5	2-8 x 7-6	6.13
1	2-6 x 6-8	7.28
1	2-4 x 7-0	7.51
1	2-8 x 7-0	6.13
1	2-4 x 6-8 2 panel, Birch	7.00

SNYDER HARDWARE COMPANY LOUISA, KENTUCKY

Saw Mill For Sale

Complete saw mill, 20 horse power, good condition, ready for use. Located at Jattie, Lawrence county, Ky. Price \$800. This is a very low price. The boiler and engine alone are worth more than this.

MORTON HAMMOND

JATTIE : KENTUCKY